

**FANTASTIC FREE TATTOOS**

**MARVEL**  
30th Sept 89

**THE REAL**

**№68 40p**

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**GH****STBUSTERS™**





**D**o you suffer from shaking fits when you hear strange rattlings? Do you get that hideous clammy feeling when you realise that you have a paranormal problem? Do you shriek uncontrollably at the sight of ectoplasm of epidemic proportions? Yes? Well, fear not! **The Real Ghostbusters** are here to save the world! They do it in fine style, too, with a little bit of help from a friend, for a young would-be Ghostbuster helps them to fight a foe of truly demonic proportions in **Ghost Chase!** Then our favourite professional supernatural eliminators experience some bad craziness in, yep, you guessed it, a story called **Bad Craziness!** Then, after a brush-up with **Sarah Sangster's Spectre!** there's an out-of-this-world obstacle to deal with in **HQ or Bust!** Could you ask for more? Well, yes, actually, for this week we're giving away some **FREE TATTOOS!** Watch out for next week's **FREE VINYL STICKER!** It's a must, it's a bust!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE

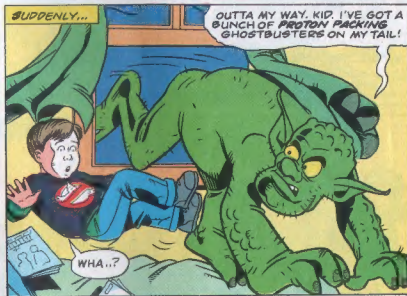


JANINE  
MELNITZ

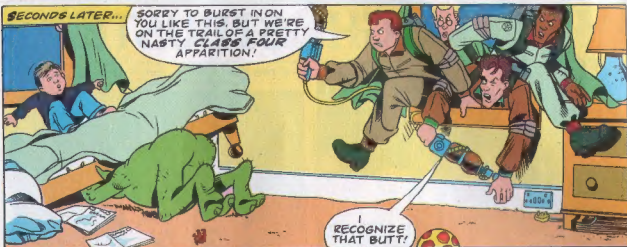


SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



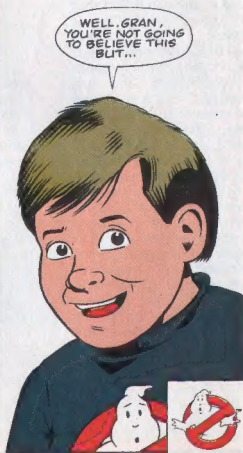












# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

To our alarm this week, we ran into some trouble with a pack of the very rare and very nasty Yldammic Pit Fiends. Classified in all the texts as Class Nine Supra-malevolents, the Pit Fiends of Yldamm are amongst the nastiest of the major demonic races, and it seems that this is a suitable moment to discuss them here in the Guide.



### YLDAMM

Take a peek into any copy of *Banswurk's Vavorium and Gazetteer of the Supercosmos*, and you'll find that he places the Pits of Yldamm on the fortieth level of Pandemonium, next door to the spitting ponds of Gubbergob and just down the road a way from the trembling hedges of Black Ragesnorter. He describes it as a dark, burning place full of acrid smoke and the pungent acidic reek of foul demonic slimes. (It is interesting to note at this point that Banswurk invariably described everything as a dark burning place full of acrid smoke etc etc. Banswurk spent all of his working life in Slough). The only access that the Pit Fiends had to our own dimension was via a teleportational gate from Yldamm leading to a particularly remote

### PART 68

area of Yugoslavia. So, whenever the Yldammic Pit Fiends wanted to take a little excursion into our world, to wreak appalling havoc on mankind, they'd have to pop into the teleporter and turn up on a threadbare grassy hillock forty miles east of Mladonovac with only a copy of the tourist guide to Yugoslavia for company. There was no fun at all in tormenting the native Yugoslavians, the Pit Fiends soon discovered (the Yugo's were a hardy and stoical bunch who would simply mutter 'Pit Fiends again' as their homestead

melted or their grandmother blew up), and so any really satisfying torment had to be sought out further afield. By the time the Pit Fiends had spent all the time travelling to the USA, suffered being held up at customs, been searched and had a six hour wait for a connecting flight to Miami, they weren't usually in a particularly good mood. No wonder they play up so much.

### PIT FIEND RECOGNITION

The Yldammic Pit Fiends usually operate as a group of six demons. They appear as a vast and writhing black cloud, which billows to form and unform evil faces, claws and big sharp pointy teeth. They may also be recognised by the copies of the Tourist Guide to Yugoslavia that they are carrying, and by a great deal of baggage handling stickers. When attacking, they are commonly known to swoop down at the victim shrieking "We're here! We're here at last! We made it! It was difficult, but we made it! Now it's kick up time!" If you encounter a Pit Fiend, try to keep it talking until we get there. "Yldamm? Isn't that near Chelmsford?" is not recommended as a wise conversational gambit.




# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



WILL YOU KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN AND LISTEN?

I SPEND MY WHOLE DAY UP TO MY EARS IN BAD CRAZINESS! I DO NOT, REPEAT DO NOT ENJOY BAD CRAZINESS SPILLING OVER INTO MY FREE TIME. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!





# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Just how final is death? This is a question which has been often pondered upon and if the story which is about to be related on this page is anything to go by, the answer to that question is 'not very final at all, really'.

The story is centred upon a former Naval officer from the United States, who was miraculously and uncannily saved from a gruesome death by the *ghost of his younger sister!*

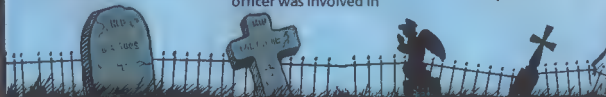
The unfortunate girl had perished when they were both very young and it seems that her spirit appeared whenever her brother was suffering from mental, moral or financial problems. This time, however, her spirit appeared when he was in great physical danger and amazingly enough, this

was to be the first of two such happenings.

The first of these occurrences took place in Russia during the Revolution when he was involved in guarding some American civilians in Vladivostock. There were major rebellions taking place, the streets were being shelled and shots rang out from the surrounding buildings. The officer said, "My sister appeared and pointed down at my feet. Without thinking, I bent over to see what she was indicating only to find a useless splinter of wood. But in that instant a shell passed over exactly where my head and shoulders would have been, directly behind the gun. The entire crew was killed by that shell."

The second occasion on which the benevolent spirit appeared was again in Vladivostock the following winter. The officer was involved in

loading sacks of coal and he was supervising groups of his crew, walking from one coaling boom to another. When he reached the number one boom, he stood about one foot behind and to the right of the bosun's mate. Again the apparition of his sister appeared and, once more, pointed down to the deck. He stooped over to pick up a burned match, the only thing in sight. Just as he did so, the coal bag caught on the edge of the barge. It's weight was approximately *one ton*. The strain was too much for the cable and it broke the boom in half. The lower section swung around at terrific speed *just missing his head!* The bosun's mate was not so fortunate, however. He was caught by the force and was instantly crushed to death! Arrgh!





# HQ OR BUST



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **JOHN MARSHALL** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

On a sliding, comparative scale, the last twenty minutes work had been, as far as an exhausted and perspiring Peter Venkman was concerned, one of the most difficult busts ever. Ray Stantz seemed to agree with this, slumped as he was opposite Peter on the other side of the completely ruined tenement hallway in West New York. A smoking trap lay between them on the floor.

"Pretty huf frisky huf, these huf Yldammic Pit Fiends huf ain't they?" panted Ray.

Peter was nearly speechless he was so out of breath. "Huh huh huh wha-what class huh huh are they, Ray?"

"Eight or nine huf huf. Just lucky I s'pose huf." Ray shrugged.

"Huh huh lucky?!?" barked Peter.

"They usually come in groups of six." Ray got to his feet. "Let's get this trap back to HQ and get the critter safe inside the Containment Unit A.S.A.P. I don't know how long this trap'll hold him. I've already got a 'trap overload' warning light come on."

Peter got up and picked up the trap gingerly. Sure enough, an amber warning light was glowing on the side of the trap. "You're right." Peter said, "Let's hurry it up. I don't want to have to bust this spook all over again. And if he gets out he's not going to be in the best of moods."

As they turned to leave the tenement block, the building's janitor who had called them in came out of the broom cupboard where he had been hiding and looked around in horror. "It's awful... awful!" he gasped.

"It's okay now," Ray reassured the janitor. "We've got the spook bagged and safe in the trap."

"No no! Look what a mess you made! The landlord's gonna have my hide for this... and yours too I shouldn't wonder." The janitor took a peek out of the hall window. "Holy moley! Here he comes now!"

Ray turned to Peter. "Peter, go ahead

and get that trap back and safely emptied. Go on, we haven't got much time! I'll sort out all this and follow on behind, okay?"

It had to be okay, there was no time to argue. Peter knew the trap had to be emptied into the Containment Unit within half an hour or so, or there would be some very nasty consequences. Very, very nasty, slimey consequences with big sharp pointy teeth!

As voices rose behind him in the tenement hallway, Peter ran out to Ecto-1. Tossing the trap onto the passenger seat, and then feverishly checking it to make sure he hadn't damaged it before wrapping it up in a nest of spare overalls and car dusters, Peter fired up the Cadillac's big engine and roared off down the avenue.

Overhead, unseasonably dark clouds began to swell in the afternoon sky and there was a rumble of distant thunder.

Peter had got nine blocks when he found himself snarled up in a four mile rush-hour tail-back. Taxis, buses and all manner of other motor traffic were nose-to-tail, honking horns and revving engines as the hot afternoon heated the already overheated metal bodies of the cars and overheated the already molten tempers of the drivers.

Peter tried to pull back and run up a side street, but the queue had already backed up a hundred yards behind him. He tried the 'Busters siren' but that only got him shouted at by all the surrounding drivers. Being shouted at was very educational: Peter learned nineteen new insults.

Peter shot a glance at the trap, just long enough to see that the warning light had gone from amber to red, and then he was out of the Cadillac and running, trap clutched in his hands, as fast as his legs would carry him. "Please let me be in time... please let me be in time..." he stammered over and over to himself as he pelted along, dodging pedestrians, leaping trash cans, ducking

round street corners and diving over fire hydrants. He sprinted across streets, weaving through the stationary traffic. On the corner of 11th, he ran across the bonnet of a taxi and learned his twentieth new insult of the day. Peter had never run so far so fast ever before. It was as if all hell were after him.



Funnily enough, that wasn't far wrong. Two blocks back away, the unseasonable thunder clouds loomed lower and blacker out of the sky and began boiling along after Peter. If you'd been a passer-by and cared to look up, you'd have seen the nightmare eyes and gaping maws that writhed in the midst of the the black cloud. If it hadn't been

for the rumble of the traffic, you might have heard the low moaning voices saying 'Bring him back. . . bring back our brother. . . the Pit Fiends of Yldamm demand it. . .'

Peter knew that any moment he was either going to break a new cross-town record or his lungs would burst. He hurtled round the rear of a garbage truck, leap-frogged a parking meter, slid under the big food trays of a passing pizza delivery trike and was back up on his feet on the other side slicker than Gene Kelly. Or Paula Abdul. Or anybody come to that. He climbed through a set of sidewalk corner safety barriers, he took a short cut across a vacant lot via the construction scaffolding walk-boards, darted into the gutter to go round two very fat and slow-moving old gents, hop, skipped, jumped and left his mark on a long stretch of wet pavement cement and by-passed a two block dog-leg by running straight through Loo Wong's Cantonese eaterie.

Behind, his dark pursuers thundered after him. They burnt the pizzas on the trike as they passed, they shook the scaffolding, splattered the wet cement, pushed aside the two startled fat gents and caused not a little chaos in the eaterie as Loo Wang tried to work out how many tables he'd have to push together to accomodate them before realising they were just passing through like the guy a few moments before.

Peter slammed the HQ door shut after him, slammed the trap into the Unit and hit the switch.

He sighed. "Light is green, trap is clean. I made it. I made it!"

There was a very hefty knock at the door.

"I wonder who that could be?" said Peter.





# AGNES HARDCAINE

This imposing-looking spook was, in fact, the ghost of a geography teacher who went by the unlikely name of Agnes Hardcaine. Strict was really not the word for her. No question was hard enough, no cane painful enough, and no dunce's cap humiliating enough for Agnes. Naturally, she had the most well-behaved class of children in any school anywhere. The reason for her obsessive tyranny was unclear. Maybe her teachers had been strict enough to warrant a plan of revenge or maybe she was just a malicious woman anyway. Who knows? Anyway, her obsession was great enough to cause her to return from the next world to dish out a second dose of lines and detentions. Maybe she had a personal vendetta against the school, for it was thought that the cause of her death had been food poisoning. It couldn't possibly have been the school dinners, though. Or could it?!



# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yep! It's that time of the week again. Post-bag time with Uncle Peter V. So, come on, drop me a line and make my day!

**Dear Peter . . .**

Why doesn't the food that Slimer eats fall through him?  
— Thomas Wilkinson, Oxford

*Basically, because Slimer converts all the food that he eats into Ectoplasmic slime. This then gets gunked out onto unfortunate victims. As you know, I speak from experience here.*

Please come to the Falkland Islands, where I live. You can stay in the Central Store, because it's the oldest house in Stanley and it might have ghosts in there.  
— Simon Jones, Stanley

*Well, that sounds like it could be fun. If I'm in the vicinity, I might just pop down and check out the P.K.E. situation.*

1. On issue 58's cover, what was Egon changing into? Whatever it was, it was horrible!

2. In issue 58's 'Private Eye' story, was the man with the eyes a ghost?

— Jonathan Emson, Darfield

*1. Thanks for the compliments. Yes, I must admit it was pretty horrible, wasn't it? It was what is known in the trade as a 'Were-Egon'. 2. No, he wasn't actually a ghost. He was, in fact, from another dimension, which accounts for why he was a bit strange!*

How many tons of food does Slimer eat in a day?

— James Earnshaw, Wakefield

*Hey, even we couldn't afford 'tons' of food every day. You can feed your pets, or you can overindulge them. I don't believe in spoiling them, myself.*

How are you me old china? I would like to know where you got your heart boxer shorts from which you were sporting in issue 39. I think they are hip 'n' happening! Also, do you ever get the urge to bust Egon? He's such a girlie swot!

— Suzanne Taylor, Leeds

*Well, I'm just fine, Suzanne and thanks very much for asking. My boxer shorts came from a very exclusive little place in New York where all the best hunky guys get their boxer shorts from! Real hip 'n' happening! Egon may be a girlie swot, but without his brain we'd be in big trouble.*

I can't wait to see your second brilliant film. Of course, I'm talking about 'Ghostbusters II'. Anyway, I've also got some questions for you:

1. Will there be another story based around ECTO-X?  
2. Why don't you have more of Mr Stay Puft in your comic?  
3. How come in issue 53 of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS you said you can't ride a skateboard, yet in the Bumper comic issue 22, you could ride one?

— Christopher Waterthorpe

*Thanks for the letter, Chris. 1. There's no story to tell about ECTO-X at the moment. Unless you would like a story about our defective robot being stuck away in a cupboard until we can decide what to do with him, of course! 2. We don't have more of Mr Staypuft in the comic because, basically, a little goes a long way when you're that big! 3. Well, the stories which you see didn't necessarily happen in the order of appearance in the comics. I actually learned to ride a skateboard after the first incident, when I realized that it might be useful to know how as well as extremely trendy!*

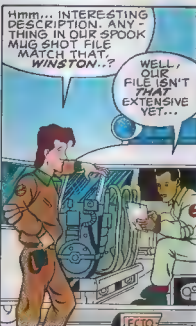
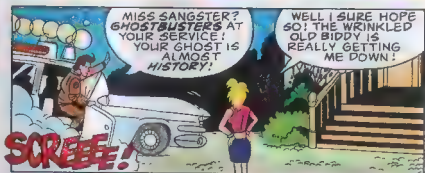
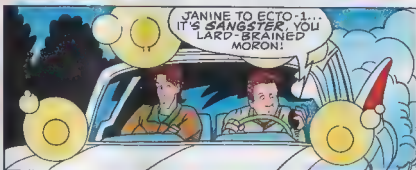
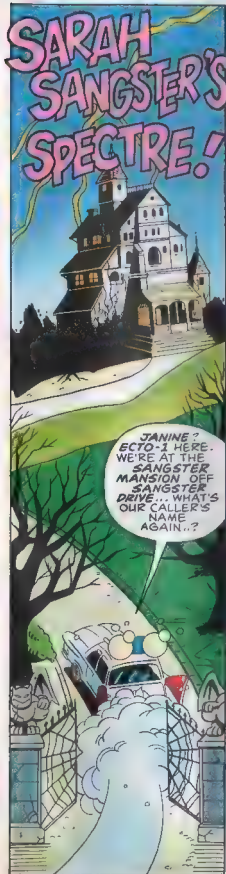
Please could you say hello to Richard Beardsley. He has been in hospital for six weeks and has been very ill. It would make him very happy if you could give him a mention.

— Donna and Andrew Green, Ilkeston

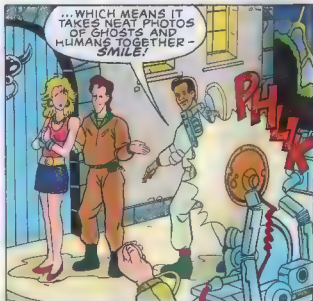
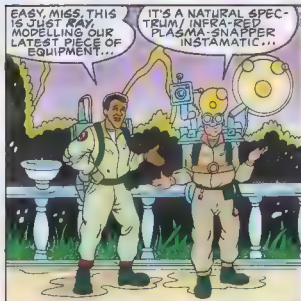
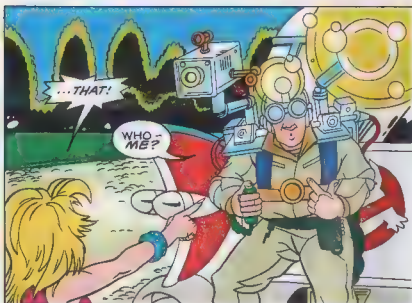
*Hello, Richard. I really hope you get better and I think your pals are pretty great for writing in like this.*

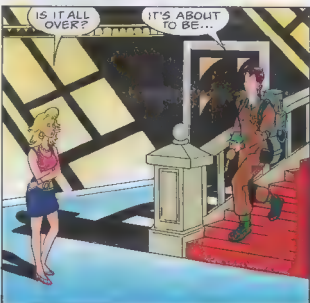
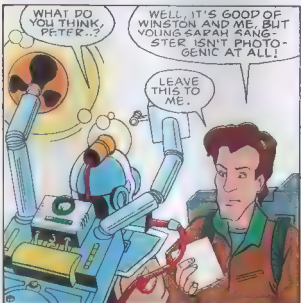
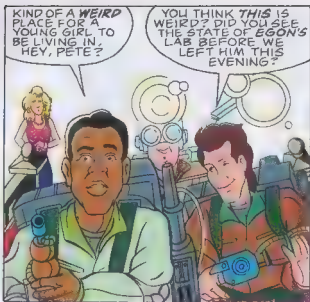
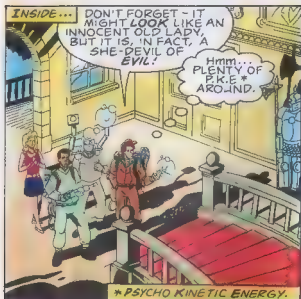
**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**

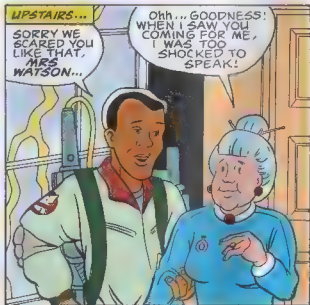
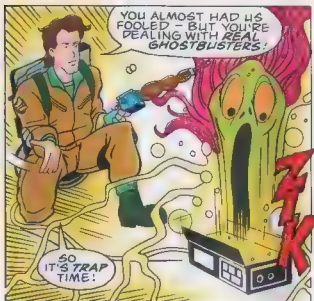
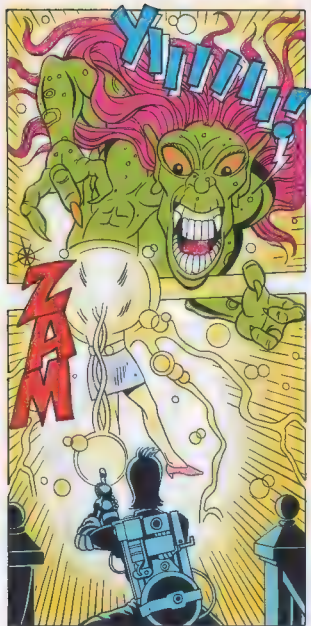
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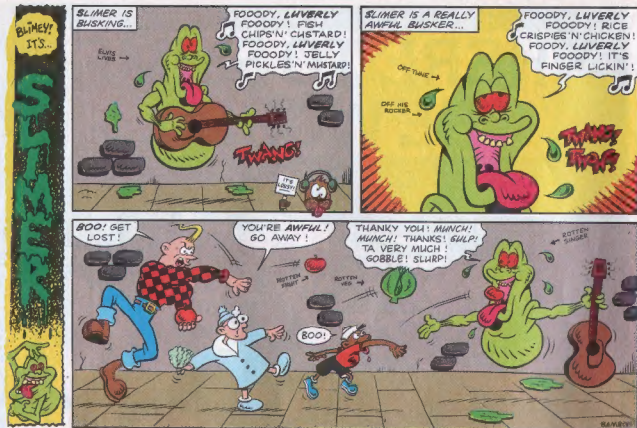


**HERE TO SLIME  
THE WORLD...**



**-ON SALE NOW-**

**EVERY MONTH**



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



Why do skeletons drink milk?  
Because it's good for the bones!  
— Niki Mann, Macclesfield

What did Dracula say to his girlfriend?  
"Do you fancy a bite to eat?"!  
— John Walker, Radstock

What's as big as a dinosaur,  
but weighs nothing?  
It's shadow!  
— Adam Feeney, Surrey

Why did the Egyptian boy cry?  
Because his daddy was a mummy!  
— Edward Sullivan, Tuxford

Why did the skeleton decide to not jump off the cliff?  
Because he had no guts!  
— Jeffrey Boucher, Waterside

Where do ghosts live?  
In cemetery-detached houses!  
— Adam Morley, Southend-on-Sea

# MARVEL BLOCKS

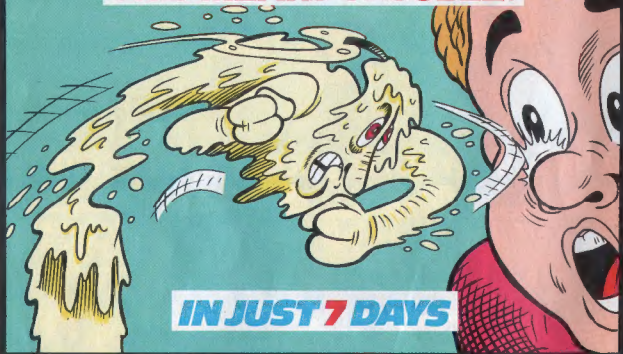
Will Santa spoil you this Christmas?



Available through WH Smith and other good bookshops and newsagents



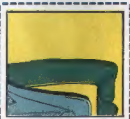
**STRIKE A LIGHT-  
THIS MEANS TROUBLE!**



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

## **FANTASTIC PRIZES TO BE WON! *Part two***

Welcome to the second part of the great **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** competition! We have a fabulous array of prizes for you to win. All you have to do is cut out the token and attach it to the coupon that appeared in last week's issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**! There will be another token next week, and the final token and an application form in issue 70. So, don't miss out on this great opportunity to win one of over a hundred ghoulish prizes including: Ghostly make-up kits, Real Ghostbusters books and book/cassette packs, watches, Ghostballs and a **Triang** Ghostbusters Rough Rider. Make sure you keep your coupon safe from lurking nasties as this is one competition that everyone will want to enter (including Slimer)!



***Part three  
next week!***